

The way of the cross, rightly borne, is the only way to the everlasting light. The path that threads the Garden of Gethsemane and climbs over the hill of Calvary, alone conducts to the visions of the Easter morning and the glories of the ascension mount. If we will not drink of His cup or be baptized with His baptism or fill up that which is behind of His sufferings, we cannot expect to share in the joy of His espousals and the ecstasy of His triumph. But if these conditions are fulfilled, we shall not miss one note in the everlasting song, one element in the bliss that is possible to men.

Suffering, Rightly Borne, Enriches and Helps Mankind

The death of Hallam was the birthday of Tennyson's In Memoriam. The cloud of insanity that brooded over Cowper gave us "God moves in a mysterious way." Milton's blunders taught him to sing of "Holy Light, offspring of Heaven firstborn." Rist used to say, "The dear cross has pressed many songs out of me." And it is probable that none rightly suffer anywhere without contributing something to the alleviation of human grief, to the triumph of good over evil, of love over hate and of light over darkness.

If you believe this, could you not bear to suffer? Is not the chief misery of all suffering its loneliness and perhaps its apparent aimlessness? Then dare to believe that no man dieth to himself. Fall into the ground bravely and cheerfully to die.

If you refuse this, you will abide alone; but if you yield to it, you will bear fruit which will sweeten the lot and strengthen the life of others who will never know your name or stop to thank you for your help.

Human life is becoming richer as the generations pass, because each contributes its special ingredient to the general sum of good. The leaves fall unnoticed on the forest floor and rot, but it grows richer.

All suffering rightly borne fills up that which is behindhand of the sufferings of Christ and helps, though it has no substitutionary value, to hasten the redemptive processes that work out from His cross.

- One of the greatly loved preachers of his day, F. B. Meyer was an English Baptist clergyman, author, Bible teacher and evangelist. In 1895 he went to Christ Church in London, with only 100 attending. Within two years he was preaching regularly to over 2,000.

Dr. Meyer was a frequent visitor to the United States and Canada. At the age of 80, he conducted his twelfth American preaching campaign, traveling more than 15,000 miles and addressing over 300 meetings. During his long and fruitful life, he preached more than 16,000 sermons. Said one author: "The phrasing of [Meyer's] sermons was simple and direct; he polished his discourses as an artist polishes a perfect stone.

His life motto was, "Make the most of me that can be made for Thy glory."

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Mary Byars
Cradle Roll 2: Larry Byars
6:30 P.M. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Shirley White
Cradle Roll 2: Rayna Crawford
Wed. Evening Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Hannah White
Cradle Roll 2: Seth White

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of September 14, 2014

Sunday School ----- 20
Sunday Morning Service ----- 46
Sunday Evening Service ----- 22
Wed. Eve. Service, 09/03/14 ----- 27

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

Week of September 14, 2014

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 990.20
Nathaniel White Memorial Fund (benevolence) -- \$ 95.00
Total Received for Week of 09/14/14: \$ 1,085.20

Average amount of Undesignated Offerings needed to operate the church EACH WEEK, as a minimum = \$ 1,400.00

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED

1. *Admit that you are a sinner.*
2. *Admit that God says all sins must be paid for.*
3. *Accept the fact that Christ took upon Himself the suffering necessary to pay for all your sins.*
4. *You must change your mind about sin and sinning (God calls this repentance).*
5. *By an act of your will, accept by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save you from the penalty of sin. Then, tell God about this in a simple prayer. Believe that God keeps His promise to save you, and thank Him for His salvation.*

SOUTH HEIGHTS BAPTIST'S WEEKLY
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F. B. Meyer
(1847-1929)

How to Bear Sorrow

by F. B. Meyer

You are passing through a time of deep sorrow. The love on which you are trusting has suddenly failed you and dried up like a brook in the desert—now a dwindling stream, then shallow pools and at last drought. You are always listening for footsteps that do not come, waiting for a word that is not spoken, pining for a reply that tarries overdue.

Perhaps the savings of your life have suddenly disappeared; instead of helping others, you must be helped or leave the warm nest where you have been sheltered from life's storms, to go alone into an unfriendly world. Or you are suddenly called to assume the burden of some other life, taking no rest for yourself till you have steered it through dark and difficult seas into the haven. Your health or sight or nervous energy is failing, you carry in yourself the sentence of death, and the anguish of anticipating the future is almost unbearable. In other cases there is the sense of recent loss through death, like the gap in the forest glade where the woodsman has lately been felling trees.

At such times life seems almost insupportable. Will every day be as long as this? Will the slow-moving hours ever again quicken their pace? Will life ever array itself in another garb than the torn autumn remnants of past summer glory?

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?"
"Is his mercy clean gone for ever?" - Psalm 77:9,8

This Road Has Been Trodden by Myriads

When you think of the desolating wars which have swept through every century and devastated every land; of the expeditions of the Nimrods, the Nebuchadnezzars, the Timurs, the Napoleons of history; and of all the tyranny, the oppression, the wrong which the weak and defenseless have suffered at the hands of their fellows; of the unutterable sorrows of women and children, surely you must see that by far the larger number of our race have passed through the same bitter griefs as those which rend your heart. Jesus Christ Himself trod this difficult path, leaving traces of His blood on its flints; and apostles, prophets, confessors and martyrs have passed by the same way. It is comforting to know that others have traversed the same dark valley and that the great multitudes who stand before the Lamb wearing palms of victory came out of great tribulation. Where they were, we are; and by God's grace, where they are, we shall be.

Do Not Talk About Punishment

You may talk of chastisement or correction, for our Father deals with us as with sons; or you may speak of reaping the results of mistakes and sins dropped as seeds into life's furrows in former years; or you may have to bear the consequences of the sins and mistakes of others; but do not speak of punishment. Surely all the guilt and penalty of sin were laid on Jesus, and He put them away forever. His were the stripes and the chastisement of our peace. If God punishes us for our sins, it would seem that the sufferings of Christ were incomplete; and if He once began to punish us, life would be too short for the infliction of all that we deserve. Besides, how could we explain the anomalies of life and the heavy sufferings of the saints as compared with the happy life of the ungodly? Surely, if our sufferings were penal, there would be a reversal of these lots.

Sorrow Is a Refiner's Crucible

It may be caused by the neglect or cruelty of another, by circumstances over which the sufferer has no control, or as the direct

(continued inside)

result of some dark hour in the long past; but inasmuch as God has permitted it to come, it must be accepted as His appointment and considered as the furnace by which He is searching, testing, probing and purifying the soul.

Suffering searches us as fire does metals. We think we are fully for God until we are exposed to the cleansing fire of pain; then we discover, as Job did, how much dross there is in us and how little real patience, resignation and faith.

Nothing so detaches us from the things of this world, the life of sense, the birdlime of earthly affections. There is probably no other way by which the power of the self-life can be arrested, that the life of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh.

But God Always Keeps the Discipline of Sorrow in His Own Hands

Our Lord said, “My Father is the husbandman.” His hand holds the pruning knife; His eye watches the crucible; His gentle touch is on the pulse while the operation is in progress. He will not allow even the Devil to have his own way with us.

As in the case of Job, so always. The moments are carefully allotted. The severity of the test is exactly determined by the reserves of grace and strength which are lying unrecognized within but will be sought for and used beneath the severe pressure of pain.

He holds the winds in His fist and the waters in the hollow of His hand. He dare not risk the loss of that which has cost Him the blood of His Son. ‘God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tried above that ye are able.’

In Sorrow the Comforter Is ‘Very Present in Time of Trouble’

He sits by the crucible as a Refiner of silver, regulating the heat, marking every change, waiting patiently for the skum to float away and His own face to be mirrored in clear, translucent metal.

No earthly friend may tread the winepress with you, but the Saviour is there, His garments stained with the blood of the grapes of your sorrow. Dare to repeat it often, though you do not feel it and though Satan insists that God has left you, “Thou art with me.” Mention His name again and again, “Jesus, Jesus, Thou art with me.” Then you will become conscious that He is there. When friends come to console you, they talk of time’s healing touch, as though the best balm for sorrow were to forget; or in their well-meant kindness they suggest travel, diversion, amusement and show their inability to appreciate the black night that hangs over your soul. So you turn from them, sick at heart, and prepare to say, as Job of his, “Miserable comforters are ye all.”

But all the while Jesus is nearer than they are, understanding how they wear you, knowing each throb of pain, touched by fellow-feeling, silent in a love too full to speak, waiting to comfort from hour to hour as a mother soothes her weary, suffering babe.

Be sure to study the art of this divine comfort, that you may be able to comfort them who are in any affliction with the comfort with which you yourself have been comforted of God (II Cor. 1:4).

There can be no doubt that some trials are permitted to come to us, as to our Lord, for no other reason than that by means of them we should become able to give sympathy and succor to others. And we should watch with all care each symptom of the pain, each prescription of the Great Physician, since, in all probability, at some future time, we shall be called to minister to those passing through similar experiences. Thus, we learn by the things that we suffer and, being made perfect, become authors of priceless and eternal help to souls in agony.

Do Not Shut Yourself Up With Your Sorrow

A friend, in the first anguish of bereavement, wrote, saying that he must give up the Christian ministries in which he had delighted. I replied immediately, urging him not to do so, because there is no solace for heart-pain like ministry.

The temptation of great suffering is towards isolation, withdrawal from the life of men, sitting alone and keeping silence. Do not yield to it. Break through the icy chains of reserve, if they have already gathered. Arise, anoint your head and wash your face; go forth to do your duty, with willing though chastened steps.

Selfishness of every kind, in its activities or its introspection, is a hurtful thing and shuts out the help and love of God. Sorrow is apt to be selfish. The soul occupied with its own griefs and refusing to be comforted becomes presently a Dead Sea, full of brine and salt, over which birds do not fly and beside which no green thing grows. And thus we miss the very lesson that God would teach us.

His constant war is against the self-life, and every pain He inflicts is to lessen its hold on us. But we may thwart His purpose and extract poison from His gifts, as men get opium and alcohol from innocent plants.

A Hindu woman, the beautiful Eastern legend tells us, lost her only child. Wild with grief, she implored a prophet to give back her little one to her love.

He looked at her for a long while tenderly and said, “Go, my daughter, bring me a handful of rice from a house into which death has never entered, and I will do as thou desirest.”

The woman at once began her search. She went from dwelling to dwelling and had no difficulty in obtaining what the prophet specified; but when they had granted it, she inquired, “Are you all here around the hearth—father, mother, children—none missing?”

But the people invariably shook their heads with sighs and looks of sadness; for far and wide as she wandered, there was always some vacant seat by the hearth.

Gradually, as she passed on, the narrator says, the waves of her grief subsided before the spectacle of sorrow everywhere; and her heart, ceasing to be occupied with its own selfish pang, flowed

out in strong yearnings of sympathy with the universal suffering. Tears of anguish softened into tears of pity; passion melted away in compassion. She forgot herself in the general interest and found redemption in redeeming.

Do Not Hide Yourself for Feeling Strongly

Tears are natural. Jesus wept. A thunderstorm without rain is fraught with peril. The pattering raindrops cool the air and relieve the overcharged atmosphere. The swollen brooks indicate that the snows are melting on the hills and spring is near. “Daughters of Jerusalem,” said our Lord, “weep for yourselves, and for your children.”

To bear sorrow with dry eyes and stolid heart may befit a Stoic but not a Christian. We have no need to rebuke fond nature crying for its mate, its lost joy, the touch of the vanished hand, the sound of the voice that is still, provided only that the will is resigned.

This is the one consideration for those who suffer: Is the will right? If it isn’t, God Himself cannot comfort. If it is, then the path will inevitably lead from the valley of the shadow of death to the banqueting table and the overflowing cup.

Many say, “I cannot feel resigned. It is bad enough to have my grief to bear, but I have this added trouble, that I cannot feel resigned.” My invariable reply is, “You probably never can feel resignation, but you can will it.”

The Lord Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane has shown us how to suffer. He chose His Father’s will. Though Judas, prompted by Satan, was the instrument for mixing the cup and placing it to the Saviour’s lips, He looked right beyond him to the Father, who permitted him to work his cruel way, and said, “The cup that My Father giveth Me to drink, shall I not drink it?” And He said repeatedly, ‘If this cup may not pass from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done.’ He gave up His own way and will, saying, ‘I will Thy will, O My Father; Thy will, and not Mine, be done’

Let all sufferers who read these lines go apart and dare to say the same words: “Thy will, not mine; Thy will be done in the earth of my life, as in the Heaven of Thy purpose; I choose Thy will.”

Say this thoughtfully and deliberately, not because you can feel it but because you will it; not because the way of the cross is pleasant but because it must be right. Say it repeatedly whenever the surge of pain sweeps through you, whenever the wound begins to bleed afresh: “Not my will, but Thine, be done.” Dare to say yes to God. “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.”

And so you will be led to feel that all is right and well; and a great calm will settle down on your heart, a peace that passeth understanding, a sense of rest which is not inconsistent with suffering but walks in the midst of it as the three young men in the fiery furnace, to whom the burning coals must have been like the dewy grass of a forest glade.

“The doctor told us our little child was dying. I felt like a

stone. But in a moment I seemed to give up my hold on her. She appeared no longer mine, but God’s.”

Be Sure to Learn God’s Lessons

Each sorrow carries at its heart a germ of holy truth which, if you get and sow in the soil of your heart, will bear harvests of fruit, as seed corns from mummy cases fruit in English soil. God has a meaning in each blow of His chisel, each incision of His knife. He knows the way that He takes. But His object is not always clear to us.

In suffering and sorrow God touches the minor chords, develops the passive virtues and opens to view the treasures of darkness, the constellations of promise, the rainbow of hope, the silver light of the covenant.

What is character without sympathy, submission, patience, trust, and hope that grips the unseen as an anchor? But these graces are only possible through sorrow.

Sorrow is a garden, the trees of which are laden with the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Do not leave it without bringing them with you.

Sorrow is a mine, the walls of which glisten with precious stones. Do not retrace your steps into daylight without some specimens.

Sorrow is a school. You are sent to sit on its hard benches and learn from its black-lettered pages lessons which will make you wise forever. Do not trifle away your chance of graduating there. Miss Havergal used to talk of “turned lessons”!

Count On The Afterwards

God will not always be causing grief. He traverses the dull brown acres of His plough, seaming the yielding earth, that He may be able to cast in the precious grain.

Believe that in days of sorrow He is sowing light for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart. Look forward to the reaping. Anticipate the joy which is set before you: it shall flood your heart with minstrel notes when patience has had her perfect work.

You will live to recognize the wisdom of God’s choice for you. You will one day see the thing you wanted was only second best. You will be surprised to remember that you once nearly broke your heart and spilled the wine of your life for what would never have satisfied you if you had caught it, as the child the butterfly or soap bubble.

You will meet again your beloved; you will have again your love; you will become possessed of a depth of character, a breath of sympathy, a fund of patience, an ability to understand and help others which, as you lay them at Christ’s feet for Him to use, will make you glad that you are afflicted.

You will see God’s plan and purpose; you will reap His harvest; you will behold His face and be satisfied.

Each wound will have its pearl; each carcass will contain a swarm of bees; each foe, like Midian to Gideon, will yield its goodly spoil.